The Times-Dispatch

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MEMORIAL DAYS.

Whether the Southern memorial observances had their origin in New Orleans, Columbus, Richmond or elsewhere is a disputed question that we cannot undertake to decide. Indeed, we are told that in some countries for ages it has been the custom of the people annually to repair to the cemeteries and bedeck the graves of their friends and kindred with flowers, but the custom we inaugurated went further, and included the resting places of those of our army who were unknown to us, as well as those of our own circle. And thus our memorial observances began.

The very first return of springtime after Appomattox the women and men of the South set about doing this work. They not only went to the cemeteries to carry flowers; but took with them there trowels and shovels with which to repair the mounds, for in the stress and hurry of war many graves had been rudely made and needed to be freshly mounded.

In those days there was absolute suspension of business in Richmond, and the people went to the cemeteries in the morning, carried lunch with them, and worked on the graves until the afternoon, and then devoted themselves to memorial exercises. In that way the graves of our heroes were put into decent condition, and the memorial observance custom became grafted.

Ours were "memorial days"; "decoration day" was the name given their own observances by the people who mourned the Federal dead. But in the nature of things Northerners could not be so deeply interested in their days of mourning as we were in ours. Here in Richmond, for instance, 28,000 graves reminded us of the war, while in most Northern cities of our population the soldiers' sections of their cemeteries did not include one-tenth of that number. Here the war came close to us, literally and figuratively. We could not say that "some" of our folks were in the army, but that "all" of them were. We of the South took part in soldier life in every phase. Every drum beat, every shot fired at the front echoed in our homes, and every soldier of ours shot down plunged a neighborhood into grief.

The war was at our doors and we saw its heroisms and its horrors, its glories and its agonies, its lights and its shadows, and the images it engraved upon our memories are ineffaceable. For four years it absorbed and enveloped all other thoughts. We knew that it was going on and that our lines were thinning and our larders growing leaner every day—and we could think of nothing else.

No wonder then that our memorial days found the people intense in their feelings, poignant sorrow filling their breasts, and but little of hope to awaken aspirations for the future. Very slowly, indeed, this feeling abated. It is not yet wholly extinguished, but it is not given man always to mourn. Happily, the glories of the past remain with us, while many of our griefs are buried.

The observances at Oakwood Cemetery always have been interesting. In those grounds there are more Confederate graves than in any other we know of—16,000—and they have always been well attended to. Annually, on the 10th of May, the anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson, the Ladies' Oakwood Memorial Association decorates those soldiers' graves and executes a suitable programme of memorial exercises.

Oakwood was a newly established cemetery when the Confederate war broke out. Most of the soldiers buried there died from wounds or disease at Chimborazo Hospital, while most of those buried at Hollywood died at Jackson and Winder Hospitals—two other mammoth military hospitals that stood on the level ground between Reservoir Street and Shields' Grove. Of this great army corps of the dead it may be truly said:

> No grander heroes ever died—
> No sterner, battled to the last.

THE GALLATIN INCIDENT.

The Washington Post thinks that the people of Indianola, Miss., were justifiable in refusing to have a negro postmaster, but condemns in unqualified terms the action of the people in the neighborhood of Gallatin, Tenn., for refusing to have a negro letter-carrier.

Strangely enough, the Post prints in the same issue an interview with Congressman Gaines, of Tennessee, in which that gentleman shows that there is far greater reason for objecting to a negro letter-carrier in the rural districts than objecting to a negro postmaster in a town. Mr. Gaines points out that the farmer leaves his house early in the morning, goes out to work, and remains away from home practically all day, leaving his unprotected wife and daughters at the house. He adds that he has never known such animosity toward the whites as now exists among the negroes of Tennessee. "Knowing the characteristics of the negro and his recently intensified animosity toward the whites because of the late discussion of the negro question and the negro episodes in high places," he concludes, "the wife and the husband, too, are in a state of distress when he realizes that a negro, whether he is a mail-carrier or not, is walking about through the neighborhood."

This is a brief statement of the situation, but it could not be made stronger. We do not judge the whole negro race by one negro, or by a set of negroes. But from their terrible experience it is no wonder that the whites of the South are suspicious on one point of all negro men. About eighteen months ago the people of Lynchburg were horrified to learn that the wife of a respectable workingman of that city had been brutally outraged and her throat cut by a negro fiend; and they were no less astounded to learn that the negro who committed this hellish deed had been employed as janitor in one of the public school buildings, had been reared with the white children, had always conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, and was regarded by the superintendent of schools as a model man in his position. Yet he was possessed of the devilish instinct, and he perpetrated one of the most devilish crimes in the annals of the State.

It is no wonder, we insist, that the whites in the rural districts are opposed to negro letter-carriers, for these carriers come around every day and visit the houses of farmers when the men are away and when the women are unprotected. It is not enough to say that the negro carrier is a man of good reputation, for so, as we have seen, was the negro janitor in Lynchburg. On this score the whites are afraid of every negro, and, as Mr. Gaines has so forcibly said, they are uneasy when any sort of a negro is "walking around through the neighborhood."

Who is responsible for the negro postmasters and the negro letter-carriers? Who is responsible for this "intensified animosity" of the negro toward the whites? Who has offensively forced the negro to the front, socially and politically?

It is the man who occupies the Presidential chair to-day, and we believe that the people of the South desire of all things to defeat the party which he represents, and to retire him from public office.

TRUE CHARITY.

In an address before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections now in session in Atlanta, Ga., Mr. William H. Allen, general agent of the New York Mission for Improving the Condition of the Poor, made this striking statement:

"One phase of vacrancy infects a great number of people and represents a great menace to social welfare, the source and support of the individual vagrant and the stronghold of the disease. I refer to the vagrancy, that tramp philosophy, that superficial samaritanism, that vagrant interest in one's fellowmen, which purchases self-complacency, relief from annoyance, reputation for generosity and spurious mortgages on mansions in the sky, from venders of hard luck stories, inventors of mutilated limbs and exhibitors of moral and physical deformities. The real vagrancy is the vagrancy of intellect and sympathy, whether the gift be a mite or a million, which attempts to obtain satisfaction entirely out of proportion to the thought and time expended in giving; which confuses almost justice and relief."

In conclusion, he said that it was the recipient who was wrong and not the giver; that it was almost as uncharitable and unresponsible for an individual, unlicensed citizen on the streets to prescribe for vagrancy as for hydrophobia or typhoid fever. "Our problem," he continued, "is primarily to convince and correct this citizen-giver rather than to convince and reclaim the tramp. We shall never be giver rather than to convince and reclaim the tramp. We shall never be rid of the man who would rather beg than saw wood; we may hope to be rid of the man who would rather give a nickel to a beggar than send him to an agency which can make him self-supporting."

This may seem to the tender-hearted a harsh and cruel view of charity, but true charity never pulls down. It lifts up and puts marrow in the bones. When a drunkard begs for money with which to buy whiskey, every right-thinking man will refuse to give it to him, knowing that in complying with such a request he is encouraging the drunkard in his dissipation. Is it not, therefore, almost, if not quite, as bad to give to a vagrant and so encourage him in his vagrancy? Of course, we are not referring to real objects of charity. There are men and women who are unable to work and support themselves, and they must be taken care of. But when an able-bodied man or woman chooses to tramp around and beg for a living it is scarcely less than sinful to encourage such a person in such a life. It requires a great deal of good sense and discretion, not to say a great deal of skill, to give the help that helps. So many good and kind-hearted people give with the right motive, and yet in giving do the recipient more harm than good. True charity is not in giving alms. Alms-giving is frequently cheap, and we sometimes give for the sake of ridding ourselves of an importunate beggar. It is cheaper to give than to withhold. It is cheaper to give money than to give sympathy and words of encouragement, and the help that helps. The best help that we can give in any case is to help a dependent to be independent, to put a man upon his feet and to give him strength and courage to take care of himself.

But we are learning a great deal. These Conferences of Charities and Corrections that are being held in the several States from time to time are practical schools in public charity. They are exerting a powerful influence, and they are teaching that true charity is love, and that love worketh no evil.

JAMESTOWN, THE 13TH.

The season, the scenery and the purposes in view combine to give promise of a successful and happy excursion by the river steamer from Richmond to Jamestown on Wednesday next.

It is the two hundred and ninety-sixth anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers on that historic spot, and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities and many of their friends will celebrate the day by a pilgrimage there—to that spot which was the first seat of government in Virginia—a place renowned in history, song and romance.

The money to be raised will be devoted to worthy objects in connection with the preservation of the antiquities of the island. The pilgrim company is sure to be a charming one, and altogether the excursion promises to be one worthy of the cause and of the organization which has it in charge. It is an enterprise which is educational in its way, and that is well calculated to stimulate a love for the history and traditions of the State. At Jamestown the Richmond pilgrims will be joined by a party of distinguished visitors from New York, Old Point and Norfolk.

SITES AND PLANS.

When the site for the Lee equestrian statue was chosen at the west end of Franklin Street, there was no little objection raised, because it was urged that it was out in the country. That was in 1887, and the monument was unveiled May 29, 1890.

And for a good many years really it did look as if no building improvements were to be made in that neighborhood. But what have we seen in the past two or three years? Why, Lee District is building up with a rapidity unprecedented here. Not only are great numbers of dwellings rising in that vicinity, but all of them are handsome, and many of them are of the first-class.

Lee Circle and Lee Statue will be before long in the thick of the fashionable West End. Nobody nowadays says the monument is "out in the old fields." So far from that, there is now a wish growing with many that the monument to President Davis may be placed in the same neighborhood. Whether it will be or not, we do not know, but the fact stated at least goes to show what a change of opinion has come within recent years.

The suggestion is also heard sometimes that perhaps after all the best thing that could be done would be to build a monument over Mr. Davis' grave in Hollywood—something that would be classic, appropriate, enduring and not antagonistic to the wishes expressed by him as to his last resting place.

The site that has been selected for the Davis monument—selected by the veterans and by the Daughters both—is Monroe Park, and no change will or can be made as to it without action upon the part of the Monument Committee of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

That organization will hold a meeting in due season, and as we have said before, it is for it to decide, or at least recommend, whether there shall be a change of site or design.

The impression prevails that the cost of building materials is so dear now that the Gudebrod arch could not be built with the funds in hand, even if the universal judgment approved the design. However, we do not wish to anticipate or embarrass the action of the Daughters. As we have said, there can be no reconsideration except through them, and they are full-handed now with information on the subject. They have made the Davis monument a possibility. Having shown so much sagacity, they may be trusted to do the rest equally sensibly.

THE MADSTONE.

Old fashions are constantly returning. We had thought the Pasteur treatment had remanded the madstone to everlasting obscurity, and that it was utterly discredited, and that no man ascribed to it any virtue these days; but we were mistaken.

We find that a South Carolina gentleman, learning that there are many cases of hydrophobia in and about New York, has sent to that city a "Congaree stone," which is quite celebrated in the locality from which it comes. It was discovered in 1805 and 145 cures are credited to it. It is oval in shape, one inch thick and from two and one-half to three inches in diameter, and is porous, having the appearance of beeswax. Along with it comes a short history of the effective work in life-saving that it is alleged to have done.

We daresay that the Pasteur people will repudiate the Congaree stone utterly and entirely—such stones are in ill repute with all scientists—but there are people in plenty who have faith in them. And that such stones have done good we doubt not; done good in relieving the stress of mind and terror of persons who believed they had been bitten by mad dogs, but which dogs were not "mad"—only angry. In those cases the imagination made the victim ill and the imagined virtues of the madstone made him well! It is ture that there is a sort of suction—or absorptive power—about this stone; but even in that direction there are other methods of accomplishing the same results and accomplishing them better.

The madstone's hold upon popular credence has loosened considerably, but is not yet entirely broken. Probably it will never be; but it can be said to its glory and credit that if it does no good, it does no harm. That is, it does none except when it is allowed to waste valuable time that would be better employed in sending the patient to those who would be competent to administer to him the Pasteur treatment.

Happily not all the dogs said to be "mad" are really mad. Many that do not deserve to have that deadly name applied to them are victims of public fear and mistaken judgment. But it is no wonder that when in doubt the people take the safe side. Usually they kill the dog and rush off the person bitten for treatment. It would be much better to cage the dog and have some competent man watch him and report what, if any, signs of rabies he shows. But to cage such a dog imposes a risk which few persons are willing to assume; hence it is seldom done. The scientific but safe old custom of killing the suspected dog first and investigating the case afterwards probably will continue in vogue indefinitely.

WEST POINT ENTERPRISE.

In spite of its losses from fire the West Point News came out last week in fine shape and contained a graphic description of the conflagration in the town. Our contemporary is to be congratulated on this evidence of pluck and enterprise.

In its editorial columns it says that the people of West Point owe a debt of gratitude to the people and newspapers of Richmond for help given in their distress. Gratitude is a Christian grace and is to be cultivated, but we hope that our beloved neighbors will not feel a sense of burdensome obligation. It was a pleasure to Richmond to give something to relieve the distress of this calamity, and it was an opportunity not to be neglected to cultivate the spirit of generosity. If that spirit be in all our gifts we shall always have a realization of the saying that is written that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

PROHIBITION AND DEMOCRACY.

Referring to the rumor that Judge William H. Mann will be a candidate for Governor next time on the Prohibition ticket, the South Boston News, which is a strong prohibition paper, says that it is not at all unlikely that Judge Mann will be a candidate to succeed Governor Montague, but that if so, he will be nominated and elected by the same kind of Prohibition party that swept the saloons from Danville. "That contest proves," adds the News, "that the Democratic party is no longer the whiskey party, certainly so far as Danville is concerned, and it looks that way all over the State."

It is quite apparent that the Prohibitionists of Virginia will not have to go outside of the Democratic party to get all the legislation that they require, and they have sense enough to see that they are stronger inside the party than they could possibly be as a separate organization.

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

The completion of the Memorial Hospital is an event of more than passing interest in the history of Richmond. It is a monument to the generosity of a good citizen, and it was built in love—love for a noble daughter, and love for suffering humanity. An institution conceived and constructed in such a sentiment cannot but be a blessing under God's providence to the community.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than Heaven,
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not soil an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.'

CONTINUAL GUIDANCE.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire." Psalm lxxviii:14.

It is a startling statement that the people were led in the daytime! Surely when all the heaven is aflame with glory, every man can lead himself!

Who needs a guide in the daytime? Man has reason, and not only reason, but experience. Reason says "I am leader, not led." There are others who have great natural gifts of wisdom and sagacity. Can they not be left to themselves? They learn from one another; they heild one another. The very mistakes of others should be a warning to the onlooker.

Here, then, we have reason, experience, sagacity, human society and a thousand other ministries, all operating in the daytime. What need have we for any higher rule, which, is called divine?

Very few people go astray at night. There is a natural fear and there is a fixed limit. How tempting is the day! We may not have thought so once, but in reality it is an infinite temptation. We can see so far; we can comprehend so much; it is in the daytime that men make fools of themselves by outwitting others and spending their labor for that which is naught. Yet, properly used, it is the very blessing of God, the great, the daily new opportunity of life.

God led His people with a cloud; so thin, so vaporous, almost invisible, but always there and when moving, always moving in the right direction. We look for earthquakes or volcanoes, but what is really leading life, in the daytime, is a cloud. It requires to be watched; its very thinness is a part of its religious influence; it may move so noiselessly that unless we keep our whole attention fixed we may miss it all and be left without guide or sound in the great wilderness.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky; how is it ye cannot discern the signs of the times?"

Blessed are they that wait and watch and hope! We must give up all self-will and defiance and impetuosity and be quiet, solemn expectant. Lose self-control and the battle is lost. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. When a man says he is perfectly equal to the occasion; knows all about the road ahead and desires simply to be let alone, watch him! Fools are crowned and beheaded the same day.

Even the night does not shut out the light of God, "All the night" He led them with a "light of fire." There must be darkness, but there is also God. A cloud would have been of no use at night. A fire would be out of place in the blaze of day. God knows what is best. There is a shaping hand about us all the time. It is not only a light at night but a light of fire" warming and cheering in its mission. In the chill gloom the "light is of fire," visible, tangible and guiding. How regularly the day comes, and how certain is the night. But with them come also the cloud to protect and shelter and bless. Watch the pillar of glowing, illuminating, uplifting fire to show us His path for our feet.

If, then, God in His Providence has made provision for our leadership in the day, full though it may be of perils and temptations, and in the night full of sorrow and perplexity and loneliness, our course is clear. We must accept the divinity that shapes our ends. The fitness of things is in itself a religious argument. It would be a marvellous thing for any man to take up an alphabet and shake the letters out of a sack so that they would fall into "Paradise Lost." Yet Paradise Lost is nothing but an arrangement of the alphabet.

So it is an infinite marvel that life with all its activities, lumpises, selfishness, goodness, badness, tragedy and comedy should be but so many unrelated pieces all shaken down out of heaven into human history.

It is not, it cannot be chance. We feel, we know that there is a spirit somewhere about our path guiding our every step.

What is my proof of the existence of God? My own life! The more I know of it, the more I wonder and adore.

We recently give expression to our surprise that any man who had been nursed and nurtured by a black mammy could seriously entertain the idea that the negro has not a soul.—Times-Dispatch.

Surely our contemporary does not contend that all negroes, and for that matter all whites, have souls, innately and originally and independent of spiritual and intellectual development. What is the soul?—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

We are not drawing fine distinctions between soul and spirit. By the soul we mean the immortal part, that which is resurrected from the dead body and lives on through eternity.

The soul "is a substantial entity believed to be that in each person which lives, feels, wills and thinks." Of course, it is innate. It may be developed and refined and regenerated and glorified, but in its various stages of development it is originally and essentially a part and the best part, the God-like part of every human being. At least, such is our understanding. Does our contemporary entertain a different view?

It is an intensely interesting question, and one about which philosophers and religionists have disputed from the beginning.

The Winston-Salem Sentinel is not uneasy about the reports of mergers going around. It says:

The reports of a proposed tobacco sales warehouse merger recalls the fact that efforts were made a few years ago to form such a combination in Virginia and the two Carolinas. It was found impracticable then, and we know of no reason why it should be successfully pulled through this time.

Mr. Depew is credited with the observation that the best part of a man's life is from the age of fifty to one hundred years. That depends upon how the liver has been cared for up to the fiftieth notch.

If New Orleans isn't the place to have a good time in the Howitzers will know the reason why.

"Uv all and uv all!" Durham, N. C., has gone "dry."

The King case again shows up on the horizon.

The correspondents continue to massacre the Bulgarians by the thousand.

Cleveland Comment.

It may have thrown a damper over Bryan, that Cleveland, whom he so despises, and whenever occasion arises declares his dislike for him, should have met with such a reception so near the heart of his free-silver territory. It demonstrates one fact, that Bryanism is on the decline and Cleveland not dead.—Warrenton Times Index.

Mr. Cleveland, including Bryan, Hill and others are not "in it" in the next Presidential race.—Peninsular Enterprise.

As a rule The Times-Dispatch writes clearly and sensible, and generally we approve of its editorial candor and frankness. Usually their argument is full of sound sense and reason, but when they say Mr. Cleveland can be elected beyond doubt, if all Democrats will support him, we feel like saying in answer that if the fox would stop running the dog would surely catch him.—Franklin Graphic.

But as a Presidential possibility, from a Democratic standpoint, Grover Cleveland's day is past and gone, and the great bulk of the Democracy of this country do not even seriously consider him in that connection.—Northern Neck News.

The great obstacle of reuniting the Democratic party in this country seems to us to be this quiet advocacy in influential quarters of Cleveland for President. There can be no blending of the different wings of the party with Cleveland in the field any more than with Bryan.—Rockingham Register.

In conclusion we can only say to those who honestly desire harmony within the Democratic party, that this cannot come by the booming of Mr. Cleveland.—Blackstone Courier.

The presentation of Mr. Cleveland's name to the nominating convention would have anything but a tendency to bring about harmony in the Democratic ranks, just as the presentation of Mr. Bryan's name to that convention would have a similar effect.—Staunton News.

Many of the leading Democratic papers of the country are advocating his cause and it is possible that public feeling may turn his way. This feeling is natural on the part of many. After two overwhelming defeats to Bryan and the cause of free silver, the reaction has set in and the other extreme may be expected. Cleveland has twice led the party to victory and it is natural that the people should now turn to him.—Emporia Messenger.

We have been surprised at the strength and enthusiasm of the Cleveland boom, have always looked upon the ex-President as a very much hated man by the rank and file of the party. Nor do we now think that he stands the ghost of a show of receiving the nomination which he seems undoubtedly to be courting.—Norfolk Dispatch.

The abuse which Mr. Bryan has seen proper to heap upon Mr. Cleveland has had an effect which Mr. Bryan hardly expected. It has not only increased Mr. Cleveland's popularity, but it has reacted upon Bryan. Mr. Cleveland can well afford to rest upon his record as a statesman and a President of the United States. The fact that after two terms, many of the best Democrats of the country are willing to waive their opposition to a third term and advocate his re-election is evidence that Mr. Cleveland has won the admiration and support of that class of people who are anxious to place in the Presidential chair the man most deserving of the high honor.—Shenandoah Herald.

A Cleveland is an absolute impossibility in the Democratic party and his presence is a note of discord.—Eastern Shore Herald.

The Exponent is a great admirer of ex-President Cleveland, and would like to see him fill the office again; but we do not believe it would be possible for him to be elected, and his nomination would probably have as lasting and disastrous an effect as did the two nominations of Bryan. Parker is the man.—Culpeper Exponent.

The political horoscope indicates the nomination of Grover Cleveland by the Democrats next year. The Abingdon Virginian as much as it admires his doesn't care to see him the Democratic nominee again.—Abingdon Virginian.

But notwithstanding this a number of our most influential newspapers and thousands of Democratic and independent voters are demanding his nomination. Stranger things have happened—and Mr. Cleveland is a man to whom the unexpected always comes.—Marion Democrat.

We have no idea that the Democratic party will nominate Mr. Cleveland, and as far as the Democrats of this State are concerned we are quite sure that it will require a powerful influence to get them to join in that once familiar chorus, "Four More Years for Grover."—Clifton Forge Review.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

In reply to the threat that if the Mann law is enforced the State will go Republican next election, the South Boston News says:

"What a bugaboo! The Mann bill was a Democratic measure; a Democrat introduced and patronized the bill, and a Democratic Legislature passed it, and now the Democrats of the State, and the Republicans, too, are going to stand for a law which demolishes the saloons."

If the Mann law is popular, it will stand; if it is not popular, it will be repealed. It is the duty of the officers of the law to enforce it to the letter and let the results take care of themselves.

The Spirit of the Valley says that if Cleveland is the Democratic candidate in 1904 the chief issue between the parties will have to be protection and free trade.

Very good. That is an issue which all true Democrats are prepared to meet.

The Rockingham Register, in referring to Lieutenant-Governor Willard's trip to St. Louis, says that he was to all intents and purposes Governor of the Old Dominion, and that there are those who believe that he could "do the trick" just as gracefully here at home.

Noting the fact that the Common Council of Richmond unanimously approved the ordinance appropriating $50,000 towards the erection of the Confederate Battle Abbey, the Chase City Progress says that this seems to assure the success of the project, and is glad that it is to be located in Richmond, "for surely no more appropriate place could be found for it than the capital of the Confederacy, abounding as it does in historic memories and associations of the great struggle between the North and the South."

The Battle Abbey is now an assured fact, and it will be an honor and a delight to the people of Virginia and of the whole South.

The Claremont Herald says that the Virginia Legislature has appropriated $17,000 for statues of Washington and Lee, but when it comes to doing anything for good roads or for the Farmville Normal School, it won't appropriate seventeen cents.

Don't be too sure about that. The Normal School at Farmville will be provided for. The appropriation may be somewhat delayed, but it will come, for the people demand it.

The Henry County Bulletin says that the figures contained in the report of the Dispensary Board reveal the fact that twelve or fifteen thousand dollars less money was spent for liquor in Martinsville than during the previous year or any average year under the saloon system. There has also been an improvement in the general order of the community.

The Culpeper Enterprise is urging the people of that town to put in an electric plant.

We should not suppose that much urging was necessary in a town like Louisa to procure such a convenience and comfort as a public electric plant would give.

From the Church Papers.

We shall be "kings and priests unto God." We shall hold sceptres over, we know not what, and minister unto God in the office
AS WE SHALL BE. of the priesthood, we know not how nor why; but we do know that we shall wave palms of victory and shout paens in honor of the Captain of our salvation, and that we will join in hosannas to our King, who sitteth upon the throne of the universe, and we will be ever with the Lord. The incentives to Christianity are inexpressible; the attractions are overwhelming; the progression unending.—William Joseph Jones in the Christian Advocate.

Often we think of the last great day with feelings of terror. Ought we to do so? To the Christian
JOYS OF JUDGMENT DAY. it is rather a season of the highest joy and pleasure. It is the consummation of all we know and all we dream of blessedness; of the hope that sustained Paul in the face of death, of the faith that "henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." What elements of joy there are, which belong specially to that day we strive to discover.—Christian Observer.

The machinery which God has given man to use in His service is sufficient, under God, for
SUFFICIENT MACHINERY. whatever He would have that man do. The cares with which man needlessly burdens himself are the retarding and wasteful friction with which man lessens his power for good, and which tend neither to man's good nor to God's glory. The oil of restful love in God is the needed aid of man's physical, mental and spiritual machinery. Let us, then, keep our soul's machinery well oiled.—Sunday-school Times.

Seeking others' comfort and weal, making others happy and glad. Not our own, but others. This is a
THE DIVINE ART. divine art; this is a gift of the Holy Ghost. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Not self-consideration, but for the glory of God in the good of others. Thoughtful kindnesses, going about doing good. Looking out for the interests of the people. Jesus, filled with the Holy Spirit, manifested this spirit, making the parents happy by receiving and blessing their children, showing His interest in the child He had restored to life by saying: "She is hungry." When the multitudes were famished for food, He not only fed them abundantly, but set them down in a grassy place gently. He sent out his disciples by couples. He wrote in the sand to ease the mind of an accused woman and to relieve her of embarrassment. He mentioned "And Peter" so kindly; He said "Mary" so sweetly. Little things, so full of power, of beauty, of blessing, come through thoughtfulness, the gift of the Holy Ghost.—Southern Churchman.

Hints to the Legislature.

We are glad to note that the House of Delegates on yesterday withheld approval from the compulsory education bill. The only compulsory feature that is necessary in this connection is the impelling force of public opinion. If that is properly cultivated and given adequate expression, it will accomplish far more wholesome results than any statute upon the subject.—Roanoke World.

About every other day some shady scheme is presented to the General Assembly in Richmond, and just as regularly some shady statesman swears that its defeat means everlasting destruction for the Democratic party. Nevertheless, the audience will please keep their faces straight just as long as possible.—Rockingham Register.

The House of Delegates Monday refused to engross Mr. Stafford's bill providing compulsory education of children. It is quite likely that the people of the State will endorse that action.—Fredericksburg Star.

The Legislature of Virginia, with its characteristic policy, has placed the Corporation Commission in an astounding predicament.

Since March 1st no charters have been granted in this State for any purpose, the new Constitution forbidding the granting of charters by the courts or the General Assembly after that time.—Roanoke Times.

Events of the Week Under Brief Review.

Here is a story that may have escaped the attention of many readers. It escaped ours at the time. According to a St. Louis correspondent of the New York Sun, President Joseph Smith, head of the Morman Church, did up the World's Fair dedicatory ceremonies at St. Louis, accompanied by just one of his plural wives, and President Roosevelt was one of the distinguished persons presented to Mrs. Smith. "The question is asked," says this correspondent, "why Mrs. Julina Smith, the wife who presides over one of President Smith's fine homes, is not a member of the delegation. The explanation offered by one friend of the family is that both Mrs. Julina and Mrs. Edna were anxious to accompany their husband to the exposition next year. As President Smith could not take both of them at the same time without provoking a scandal, he proposed a compromise. Mrs. Edna was to go with him this year to witness the opening, and Mrs. Julina was to be rewarded next year by witnessing the glories of the exposition. After thinking the matter over the two women decided that this was the best solution of the problem, and Mrs. Edna started for St. Louis.

As if to call official attention to her abandonment of America as her native land, says the American's London correspondent, Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, of New York, has sent a letter to President Roosevelt, in which she denounces America's attitude toward women. In her letter Mrs. Woolsey calls attention to the fact that the President has never mentioned women or attributed anything good to them in any of his speeches on the tours he has been making through the country, and asks him to point out to her anything that womankind has gained by forsaking a monarchical form of government for the American republic. She also asks why he, the disciple of the strenuous life, has never taken up the cudgels for women and given her her proper place in public affairs of the nation. "It is masculine, all masculine," declares Mrs. Woolsey, "and a place of honor for women is not anywhere found in the fabric of the American nation." Now we shall see if the President makes any change in the general tone of his speeches.

They find many curious things over in North Carolina. Not long since the newspapers of that State had a fine story about the finding of a petrified man somewhere in Buncombe county, and there was a lawsuit threatened to determine whether the hardened individual was the property of the man who discovered him or the owner of the land upon which the discovery was made. We have not heard what became of the petrified man or of the law suit, and before that matter has been settled, here comes a story from Guilford county that a petrified cat has been found in an old house that was being pulled down after standing about a hundred years. The house had been unoccupied for many years, and there is no way of determining how long it has been since the cat ended its ninth life and commenced the process of petrification, but there seems to be no doubt of the fact that she commenced it long enough ago to have reached a perfect state of adamantine hardness before the house razers discovered her.

There is but little doing in Washington in regard to the scandals in the Postoffice Department, at least very little that gets to the public. Postmaster-General Payne seems to be doing some bulldozing in order to frighten off the men who have shown a disposition to show up a record of the abuses in the Washington city postoffice. General Payne is said to be a very wise politician, but it seems to an outsider that that is a rather dangerous game for a wise politician to be playing just ahead of a national campaign. If the Democrats do not get some good campaign material here, they will, indeed, be asleep.

Mr. Pulitzer having owned the New York World twenty years yesterday, and being well pleased with the returns from the property, concluded to have a celebration. Last night he celebrated with an artillery salute and fireworks, while his great presses were running off a 125-page edition of 1,000 colums. Mr. Pulitzer's net income from the World establishment during the twenty years he has owned it is estimated to be something over ten millions of dollars.

The announcement of the formation of a new milk trust in New York with a money backing of $26,000,000 leads the Hartford Times into this line of thought and comment:

President Roosevelt will see a grand opportunity to demonstrate the power of the Federal government to prevent combinations as soon as he hears about this one, the organizers of which say that they are going to fix the price of milk in New York. To be sure, they announce that they are more likely to lessen the price than to raise it. That makes no difference at all. Any corporation which fixes the price of anything is a criminal affair, under the terms of the Sherman law as interpreted by the courts, and the legal officers of the United States. It is just as wicked to put the price of any article down as to put it up. You may do all the business you please—so long as you don't mention the matter of prices. But own up that you have agreed with anybody else as to the price at which a thing shall be bought or sold and your name goes on the Knox-Roosevelt blacklist instantly.

The latest dispatches from Porto Rico are to the effect that the dismissal of the smuggling cases at San Juan has stirred up among Porto Ricans a bitter feeling against the government at Washington. This is a natural consequence of the favoritism shown to our army and navy officers, who plainly thought that tariff rates were of little account in Porto Rico.

If any native Porto Rican had been caught at similar tricks he would have been yanked up with but little, if any, ceremony.

There comes from the shores of California a musical story that is filled with discords.

The fact that Mrs. Leland Stanford would not consent to the substitution of a paid quartette of singers for the voluntary choir in the university chapel of Stanford University is given as the principal reason why the Rev. Heber Newand the trustees, but they are not mendifferences existed between Dr. Newton recently resigned the pastorate. Othertioned, and were apparently of less importance than the question of how the musical part of the religious services should be supplied.

F. S. W.

One Passenger Injured.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

CHATHAM, VA., May 9.—Wednesday night while a through freight, which carries passengers, was backing in the siding here, the engine became uncontrolable and ran back on some freight cars, which crippled the engine so much that it had to be pulled away. Mr. B. H. Mattox, of Galveston, Va., the only passenger, was violently thrown from his seat and sustained a painful injury of the knee and lower hip. None of the crew were hurt.